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with deep gratitude and appreciation of the cordial hospitality and gracious good-fellowship of their Canadian brethren and indefatigable hosts.

C. B. RODEN.

POST CONFERENCE TRIP

"Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticism,

Strong and content, I travel the open road."

So the librarians assembled aboard the "Saguenay." The day in Montreal had been a full and pleasant one and its evening found the post-conference party tired but tranquilly expectant of the joys the boat's departure was to bring. To this some excitement was lent by the dash on board, just as the gangplank was going in, of the New Jersey Library Commission contingent who had lingered too long at the reception tendered the A. L. A. on the White Star liner "Megantic." Many friendly farewells were waved by the A. L. A. members whose official travels ended at Montreal. As the boat started for Quebec, deck chairs were soon filled by those who wished to watch the noble sweep of the river and the graceful skyline of the city with its myriads of lights.

During the short stop at Quebec the next morning only a few strenuous ones ventured ashore. The majority were content with the splendid view of the city with its frowning precipice crowned by the Citadel and the graceful pile of the Chateau Frontenac, below which were spread the picturesque roofs of the Lower Town. It was the Fourth of July and after the flags flourished by the patriotic members of the party had been duly saluted, everyone settled down to the calm enjoyment of a safe and sane fourth. The boat glided past the falls of Montmorency, the lovely Isle of Orleans, the wooded shores of the river where in one place forest fires raged, showing a thin tongue of flame under a hovering cloud of smoke, and on from the stately grandeur of the St. Lawrence to the wild beauty of the Saguenay. It was here that the real business of travel began. Baedekers made their unblushing appearance, most of them

bearing on their backs the mystic symbols 917.1. The maps and guidebooks provided by the company were studied while the really "litry" were turning the pages of "A chance acquaintance" or "The golden dog."

At half past six, a landing was made at L'Anse St. Jean but word was given that the real village was some distance beyond, a nice watch—from British standards! A gay start was made but the muddiness of the road and the "recedingness" of the village combined with the ravages of the black fly, which Van Dyke has truly said is "at the bottom of the moral scale of insects," caused even the most valiant to turn back. There were a few who with true Yankee enterprise chartered the only vehicles in sight and came back with glowing tales of the quaintness and charm of the village, but for the majority, it must remain the fair Carcassonne of dreams.

The great Capes of Trinity and Eternity, towering up through the gloom, were passed after nightfall. A searchlight thrown on them from the boat brought out their craggy inaccessibility and made weirdly impressive the statue of the Virgin on one of the terraces of Trinity. At Ha Ha Bay few were up in time for exploring but the view of the charming Bay was to be had from the deck or even from conveniently located staterooms. It had been suggested that here opportunity would be given anglers to make the acquaintance of the "unsophisticated fish" of the region, but if any wonderful catches were made, no stories of them floated to the ears of the feminine contingent. Turning back from here the boat passed through the most striking part of the journey, stopping for some time around the capes of Trinity and Eternity. To attempt to describe the scenic beauties of the trip would be to attempt what was admirably done by the chronicler of the post conference of 1900 (see Proceedings A. L. A. 1900, pp. 174-182.) The pleasing pastime of trying to hit the sides of the capes with rocks thrown from the boat was indulged in by a few of the passengers. Howells tells us that his uninspired hero actually did it. And that was forty years ago!

The origin of this custom might be an interesting question for a class in library economy to investigate.

The hours spent at Tadousac will be pleasantly enshrined in the book of memory. The air was fresh and cool and many came and went visiting the salmon hatcheries, and the ancient chapel, strolling through the picturesque streets where they were met with kindly hospitality by the *habitants*, or driving through the balsam scented woods.

Leaving these pleasant shores, a few hours brought the boat to Murray Bay, where the night was spent. Every one started out for a walk in the morning, but the road led past the shops dealing in homespun, and there was a general halt. These characteristic raids sometimes cause one to pause and wonder whether the greater pleasure of traveling comes from adding new and beautiful slides to our mental collection or new articles of vertu to our domestic equipment. Those who did get beyond the shops were rewarded by a walk through a straggling French village with quaint views and picturesque glimpses most enticing to the amateur photographer. A number also with true tourist thoroughness visited the former summer home of the President of the United States and even took snap-shots on his front steps.

All met for luncheon at the Manoir Richelieu, a meal well served and good. A round of applause was given Captain Koenig as he joined the party and another was given Mr. Gould, the perfect host, whose kindness and thoughtfulness will long be remembered by those whom he personally conducted.

After luncheon vehicles of all kinds, including that most fascinating of all, the calèche, waited to take the party to the Falls. The drive through a beautiful country with fields of clover and daisies and hedges of wild pink roses ended at a pulp mill, where the interesting process of converting the virgin forest into wood pulp was viewed. Beginning at the front door where the bales of pulp were taking their departure, the party went back step by step. To achieve the last a steep chute

had to be ascended and the perils of descent seemed so great that nearly all preferred to go around and cross back by some stepping stones. The water was not deep but the stepping stones were small. There may have been other falls but if there were, no one seems to have seen them.

That night was a gay one on board the "Saguenay." It was the culmination of the delightful evenings spent around the piano with music, songs and story telling. At the command of Mr. Bowker who, with his charming wife, made admirable masters of ceremonies on these occasions, in accordance with the precedent set twelve years before by the A. L. A. post conference, all purchases of homespun, coverlets, rugs, and dress patterns were brought out and hung over the gallery rail for a loan exhibit. After they had been duly inspected a war dance was led by Miss Askew, the participants being each clad in his respective purchases. Stories, songs and charades followed and the evening ended in singing the following choice composition to the tune of the "Little Brown Jug."

The A. L. A.'s started one day,
To explore the Saguenay,
Young and old, gay and grim
Twenty-five hers to every him.

Ha Ha Bay, A. L. A.,
Sailing up the Saguenay,
Ha Ha Bay, A. L. A.,
Each from his own library!

Oh, Mr. Gould from Montreal,
Our genial host, beloved of all,
We'll rue the day when we must say
Farewell to you and Saguenay.

During the next two days in Quebec, librarians circulated themselves freely, the torrid heat seeming to cause no appreciable falling off. On Sunday morning various church services were attended, many going to the Basilica. Nearly every one found opportunity to visit the principal sights,—Dufferin Terrace, the Plains of Abraham (where early impressions gathered from school histories of the hazard of Wolfe's climb were somewhat modified), and the

lower town, and many, like true "debtors of their profession" visited the library of Laval University. Luncheon was enjoyed on both days at the Chateau Frontenac.

On Sunday afternoon, a much appreciated hospitality was extended the American Library Association by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Porteous, seigneurs of the Isle of Orleans, who entertained with a delightful garden party in their beautiful grounds and gardens. In the evening many found their way to Dufferin Terrace to listen to the music and watch Quebec promenade by.

Monday morning the party was received by Alderman Collier, in the absence of the Mayor, who extended a courteous welcome and after that a street car ride around the

city was enjoyed by the party as guests of the City of Quebec.

In the afternoon a special train was chartered to take the party to the church of St. Anne de Beaupré. A courteous priest acted as guide and carefully explained all the wonders of this miraculous shrine. On the return trip the falls of Montmorency and Kent House were visited.

It was with great regret in spite of the heat, that farewell was said to this most picturesque of cities. Good-byes were said the next morning in Montreal and each went on his separate way with the feeling that the past week had been one of pleasure and rich experience long to be remembered.

JULIA IDESON.



AGRICULTURAL LIBRARIES SECTION

The first meeting since organization was held on the evening of June 27. Mr. James I. Wyer, Jr., presided. In his opening remarks Mr. Wyer gave a brief account of the events leading up to the formation of the section. He also spoke of the various kinds of agricultural libraries and of their growth and influence.

An address of welcome was delivered by the Hon. Martin Burrell, Canadian minister of agriculture.

WM. M. HEPBURN, librarian of Purdue university presented a paper on

LIBRARY EXTENSION WORK OF AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES

Extension work is now a name to conjure with. Its most popular aspects, the corn train, the wheat special, the farmers' short course, where a thousand or more men and women from the farms gather for a week's instruction, have all been exploited in the newspapers to such an extent that they are well known everywhere. The new methods of extension work were developed in the agricultural colleges or agricultural departments of universities. It seems now as though many of these methods were to be applied in other fields.

The moving cause for all this activity is the desire to bring opportunities for education to every man, woman and child in the state who has sufficient energy and ambition to desire them. Along purely agricultural lines the extension work carried on by the State college of agriculture at Cornell, is typical. The December number of the "Announcer" outlining this work contained eight quarto pages giving information under twenty-five separate heads. The work carried on by a university as a whole is best illustrated by Wisconsin, whose university extension division has carried this work further than any other similar department. The phrase, "The university that goes to the people," applied to Wisconsin, and the slogan, "If you can't come to the college, the college will come to you," used by North Dakota agricultural college, illustrate the aims of the workers in this field.

Of course much of this extension work is altogether outside of the sphere of the library, but there are signs that the libraries of agricultural colleges, and of the land grant colleges especially are waking up to the fact that there are public needs